LITTLE LAURETTE.

Little Laurette was sitting beside
Her dressing-room fire, in a dream alone;
A mignonne mixture of love and pride
She seemed, as she loosed her zone.

She combed her tresses of wondrous hair,
Her small white feet to the fire peeped out,
Strangely fluttered her bosom fair,
And her lips had a wilful pout.

Whoever had seen that little Laurette,
Looking so innocent, tender and sweet,
Would have long'd to have made her his own, own pet,
To lie at her fair young feet.

Is it fear that dwells in those weird blue eyes?
For it is not love, and it is not sorrow.
Ah! little Laurette, from your dream arise,
You must be married to-morrow.

Married to one who loves you well,
Whose wealth to your life will a glory be.
Yet I guess you are thinking—who can tell?—
Of Frank, who is over the sea.

How happy they were, that girl and boy,
On the garden terrace by moonlight met,
When to look in his eyes was the perfect joy
Of that little darling Laurette.

How wretched they were, that boy and girl,
When for the last, last time they met,
And he carried away a soft, bright curl,
And the heart of little Laurette.

Pooh, pooh, her heart? Why she hasn't a heart;
She waltzed that night with Sir Evelyn Vere.
Into the greenhouse they strolled apart—
He's got twenty thousand a year—

A house in Park Lane—a chateau in France—
A charming villa on Windermere.
She made up her mind in that very first dance
She'd like to be Lady Vere.

The news will go out by the Overland Mail:
In a month or two poor Frank will hear
That London has nothing to do but to hail
The beauty of Lady Vere.

She'll be Queen of Fashion, that heartless elf,
Till a younger comes, and the world grows cool.
And as to Frank—will he shoot himself?
Well, I hope he's not quite such a fool.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

DE BRUTON'S SWORD HILT.

I.

Though the plague of tourists has not yet fallen upon it, there exists within the narrow seas no more picturesque little town than Monkmoor. It lies among hills on the borders of Shropshire and Herefordshire, some thirty miles from Shrewsbury. The latter Monkmoor yields to as the county town; but it solaces itself with thoughts of the days when its gray old castle was a princely residence, and when it lorded it far and wide over the Marches of Wales. Of its priory but a name is left, of its castle, ruins such as Kenilworth can do no more than match; of its church, well, the townsmen say it is the second parish-church in England, and look with scorn on the tall spire of St. Mary's, at Shrewsbury. Whether it is the second parish-church in England, I know not: only one finer have I seen; so that, as far as I know, that may be so; but St. Mary's it certainly does excel, save in painted glass. Honor where honor is due. But, grand as are the wooded hills rising around it, interesting as are its historical monuments, Monkmoor lies out of the road of the crowd of travellers, and only a few, a very few, artists come hither in summer, attracted chiefly by some old timber houses equal to any that Chester can show. Notwithstanding, one August morning two years ago, Eustace Walters, a young barrister of moderate family and more moderate fortune, found himself standing under the Butchers' Row outside the Angel Hotel at Monkmoor. He had been merely passing along the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway, intending to spend some weeks of the summer vacation on the Wye, when the sight of the old castle framed in Mary Knoll Woods had attracted him, and, rejoicing in unencumbered youth, he had determined to stay and see the place. This was the third day of his stay, and it was a wet one; he had seen the castle; he had seen the church; he had admired the black-and-white houses, and the shield-bearing panels at the Bull; he had heard all—and that was very little—that was to be heard about the Priory. Finally, as he remarked to the Boots, the billiard-table was only moderate, and games with the marker are apt to become monotonous. So the Boots regarded him with a doubtful air: the Angel would gladly have had tourists as thick as locusts, and, failing that, wished to do the best by such stray ones as lighted down; wherefore, as I remarked, the Boots was looking doubtful what amusement he should suggest to carry the solitary guest over another day. He looked down the street, but the Broad Gate gave him no inspiration; nor, when he looked up, did the Butter Cross. But his memory proved true to him: the lions of Monkmoor were not exhausted.

'I do declare, sir,' said he with a hearty slap on his thigh, 'you've never seen the museum. It's just the day for it, with the rain stopping everything else, or you might have gone to Titterstone Hill, or to Wigmore Castle, or tried for a trout in the Teme; ay, and the day after to-morrow there's a cricket-match! But there's some things very curious at the museum now, I've heard say. First turning on the left, up Castle-st., and then inquire at the corner shop, sir.'

No need here to enter into the discussion as to the merits of numerous small, or a few large, museums; Monkmoor, with its old associations, could well supply a collection of its own, in which, as the Boots at the Angel said, were many curious things; and our hero, though no deep antiquarian, got through an hour very pleasantly. The curator, who, outside the door, acted as a stationer, knew something of the things he had in charge, yet not so much as to bore his audience with abstruse lore. There was a good show of fossil remains, of shells and eggs and ferns—all quickly passed over—but the relics found in and about the castle formed the greater, the unique, part of the collection. Quaint old parchments illumined with the names of Dinan and Mortimer and Sidney; mysterious instruments of torture, rusty arms, and armor—all these were there in plenty, and, as signs of the knights of whom but dust and rust remain, they awake in all some interest in the past. One sword-hilt, to which but a couple of inches of blade remained, particularly attracted Walters: it was honored by a small glass-topped case all to itself, which was, moreover, locked. He inquired its history.

'Well, sir,' explained the old gentleman, as he reverently unlocked the case and drew out the fragment, 'it was found some twenty years ago near Mortimer's Cross, a battlefield about, if the spot be rightly guessed, ten miles from here. The hilt is said to be of Italian make, and to have belonged to Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, who was there defeated by the Yorkists in the Wars of the Roses. But antiquarians say that it was made long before even his time.'

'It must have belonged to some one of mark; for it is, indeed, unique in shape.'

Yes, the figure crucified uspide-down to form the cross-handle is certainly St. Peter, who was possibly the owner's patron-saint.'

'Is it heavy? May I handle it? Silver was more valuable then than now.'

'Ay, so I've heard. Do you see, there were once the crossed keys surmounting the foot of the cross, but now only two fragments are left to indicate them. A good many have guessed it belonged originally to a crusader, or a knight of some Italian military order.'

'By Jove, I did not see that it was hollow. A rare idea, worthy of Dr. Lynn himself. What a capital hiding-place for your secrets, in the hilt of your sword!'

'Hollow? Good Heavens, so it is! And we've had it twenty years and never suspected it, though I've cleaned it several times! Now, to think of your finding it out like that!'

Never was antiquarian so astonished.

'Evidently the old baron's secrets were reserved for me to bring to light,' answered the young man merrily as he pointed to a tiny roll of parchment lying in the hollow now so curiously discovered. The old Italian craftsman had made the figure to slip up the cross, when a small indentation at the root of the blade was pressed; in the back of the figure was a square cavity, now containing a rolled slip of parchment. Sportively as the discoverer spoke, there was, and naturally too, a shadow of gravity over his face, and that of the old curator, as they tenderly unrolled the slip concealed by fingers which had struck their final battle-stroke before the Tudors rose to rule over an England as different from our England as could well be imagined. How little could he, who thus intrusted his secret to his own right hand, at the crisis, perhaps of his fate, imagine how and when and where it would be brought to light! Walters held the scrap up to the light; upon it were rudely scrawled six words of Latin: 'Quantum a porta, tantum a piscina.' Below, the vague signature, 'R. de B.'

'"As far from the gate as from the piscina,"' translated Walters, for his companion's benefit. 'It is evidently a memorandum, and I think of some spot, though intentionally vague. One thing is certain, R. de B. cannot well stand for Jasper Tudor.'

'No,' replied the curator, who had not got the better of his surprise, and would hardly have marvelled now if the blade had appeared and reunited itself to the treasured hilt. 'To think that I've handled it scores of times myself!'

'Yes, it is plain that I am destined; but I fear it will do me little good; I expect it is the record of the bold baron's plunder-receptacle, though a church seems a funny place for it at first sight. You see there is nothing else—no inscription or crest.'

'The spring is still in working order, or it would not have been found even by you, sir. It will surprise some of our town, who are great archæologists.'

'Perhaps some of them may make something more out of it, for I am not at all versed in such matters. If St. Peter reveal any more of his secret, pray let me know.'

And Walters gave his address to the old gentleman, who gladly promised to do so, and before leaving took a last glance at the relic, ere, with its parchment safe in its breast, it was again consigned to the glass case. Another half hour's talk between our two discoverers it would not help us to relate, so we need only follow Walters as he strolls back to his inn, his thoughts naturally full of the odd discovery, and his brain hard at work, seeking some clew which might make it not altogether futile. 'Quantum a porta, tantum a piscina,' he muttered over his fish; so that the waiter begged his pardon, and asked whether he called for port. But, ruminate as he would, nothing came of it. Next morning he continued his route to the Wye: and among old friends, to many of whom he related the incident, it lost much of its freshness. He heard no tidings of fresh discovery from the museum-keeper, and of course made none himself. Yet often in moments of idle thought he caught himself half unconsciously conning over the old baron's secret: 'Quantum a porta, tantum a piscina.'

II.

A year had gone by, and once more Eustace Walters was speeding down into the country. But he was no longer the unencumbered and almost aimless wanderer of last year. He had met with a young lady who was staying with friends in London, had fallen in love with her, and asked her to be his wife. Now he was on his way to be introduced to Beatrice Bruton's mother, her only living relation, and to get a day fixed for the wedding. Of Beatrice's position he knew little, save that, though of good family, she had been about to go out into the world as a governess; and having once made up his mind to look for no worldly advantage by the match, he had checked all attempts on her part to explain her mother's poverty. Arrived at Frome, he got into a fly with his traps, and was driven over six miles of very hilly country to his betrothed's native village of Brutcombe, and appropriately set down at the Bruton Arms. No sooner had he alighted than a small boy asked him, in broad Somerset, if he 'were' Mr. Walters, and, being satisfied, led the way down the road, pointed out a lady in the distance, and discreetly vanished. The lovers were not slow to greet one another, and did and said all sorts of foolish things in the middle of the road. But travellers are generally hungry, and hospitality at length led Beatrice to put a stop to our hero's philandering.

'Come, Eus, I must take you home. My mother will be wondering what has happened to me.'

'This is what has happened to you;' and it had happened about ninety times.

'But, Eus,' she replied, clinging to his arm, 'I have something to tell you first. You know how very poor we are; but you remember you would not let me talk about it.'

'And I want you to talk about nothing you dislike now, darling.'

'But I must tell you now. You know my father was in debt all along, and when he died the people sold the hall, which only just satisfied them, so that my mother found herself without a penny, or an acre, save the old castle-ruins, which were worth nothing to any one. And we had no relations to give us a home, so what was to become of her?'

'And of you, Beatrice?'

'So she had to take a vacancy in our old almshouses, where she had often visited others. And she is still there, in our family hospital, built only for our dependents. Shall you mind coming there?'

It was odd how the rising pride seemed to stiffen her looks and words. The answer came not in speech, but it satisfied her; and with that trouble off her mind, she told him more about their fallen fortunes until they came upon such a scene as only old countries can show. On the left of the road, which wound round it, was a small mere; on the right rose a mound covered with roofless walls and towers, in one place but a foot above the soil, in another towering up a still frowning mass of masonry. An old gateway gave admission to a steep road that led to the summit, and on one side of this gateway ran a long low Tudor building with thick-shafted windows overgrown by hart's-tongue and cetarach. In its front were four doors, and at the nearest to the road stood an old lady nicely dressed, who was evidently watching for the pair. She came forward and greeted Walters like a countess, ending, after a long look, by kissing him.

'My daughter will have told you something of our condition, Mr. Walters,' she said presently. 'I am not ashamed to welcome you under a roof founded by my ancestors, though they little thought that a Bruton's widow would have no other dower-house.'

'My mother and father were cousins,' put in Beatrice as they entered; 'we are the last of the race. But there is hope yet, dear mother. Eustace does not know the proverb here, that the Brutons have as many lives as a cat.'

The awkwardness of the meeting being once surmounted, few pleasanter little parties sat down to tea in Somersetshire that night than was assembled in Brutcombe Almshouse, No. 1. Quickly Walters learned more of the curious history of the family whose last descendant he was to wed. The Brutons of Brutcombe had been great in the land from Stephen's time, and until the Wars of the Roses had held the Barony of Wimborne; but then, taking the wrong side, the barony had been lost by attainder, though half the estates came back with the final Tudor victory. They had gone on gathering power, and in the Civil Wars took the right side at the right time; but regarding the King's return as a precedent to be expected in all future contests, they spent much money in abortive Jacobite schemes along with Sir Watkyn Wynn, and more in escaping painful results. This was the beginning of ruin, completed by extravagance. Gradually the lands, once reaching for miles on every side of Brutcombe Keep, had been parted with; and when the last male Bruton died, broken down by debt and regret, the manor-house, for which the castle had been deserted in Elizabeth's time, had passed from the family. His widow, the possessor of a couple of acres of ruins and a few manorial rights, having no relations, had sought shelter in the charity of her ancestors. The name of the family was still great through the country-side, kept up by the relics of grandeur: the church, full of their monuments, and half occupied by their pew; their arms over the village inn; the castle, famous among sightseers.

Fresh from the realism, the matter-of-factness, of London life, these things seemed to Walters, as he leaned from his window in the little inn and gazed upon the ruins, that seemed vaster by night, like some patchwork dream of past and present, in which the imagination fits in every improbability. But he was content. If not wealth, yet long descent, in view of which his own family pride dwindled to a shadow, would come with his bride; and, for her mother, he knew that she would accept nothing. From the hands of their fathers could the Brutons accept alms, and from no others.

Next morning Beatrice took him to see the church, of which I need say nothing, save that it was a Somersetshire church, with one of the towers that, mutilated as most of them are, make that county famous. In it, however, he had now a personal interest; it was but a receptacle of past Brutons, whose monuments of all sorts, from stately effigies in stone armor to mural tablets, telling of Quebec and Waterloo cadets, were there. Within the altar-rails were the oldest records of the family; for there had the tablets and brasses been placed which had been taken from the castle-chapel, when it had been left to decay nearly half a century after the rest of the pile had been deserted. Right and left, in front of the altar, were two brasses let into the pavement, one of which affected our hero in a curious manner. He could not conceal his surprise, and when Beatrice asked him the reason, only pointed to the portrait, still almost as clear as on the day it was cut. From the inscription below, it simply appeared that it was Aymer de Bruton, Lord of Wimborne, who died in the reign of Edward II., and from the crossed legs it was evident that he was a crusader. But it was not either of these facts that astonished Walters. No; but clasped to his breast, so as clearly to be seen, was finely engraved the identical sword whose curious hilt he had examined at Monkmoor a year ago.

'Look at his sword, Beatrice: what an odd one!' he cried.

'Why, Eustace, how clever you are! For that is quite a celebrated sword among us. How did you know anything about it?'

'Celebrated among you! Why, have you got it now?'

'O dear no, it has been lost hundreds of years; but it was presented to this Aymer de Bruton by the Pope, while on the crusade with Edward I. I know he had obliged the Pope in some way; and, as he was one of the greatest of the old Lords of Wimborne, this sword was often carried by his descendants.'

'And what became of it?' asked Walters, fully expecting the confirmation of his surmise, which came indeed.

'It was lost with Ralph de Bruton at Mortimer's Cross. He was a great ally of the Earl of Pembroke, and after his death his sons left the country. Ralph was the last baron, you know.'

'Beatrice, I have seen the sword, or at least the hilt; and the Brutons shall get it back again yet, long as they have lost it,' cried Eustace; and he briefly related the discovery of the sword-hilt at the museum, and asked if she could give any clew to the memorandum found in it. She could not; so the two, in some excitement, hastened to Mrs. Bruton, and told her of the curious coincidence. Their feelings cooled during the recital; not so hers.

'The Bruton motto, "At length," is being fulfilled; Beatrice shall yet bring you a dowry. Listen, and I will explain my ideas.' There was already a touch of the chatelaine about the old lady. 'It has always been a tradition of our house that the last baron had intrusted to him a large sum of money, raised abroad by himself and other nobles in the West for the Lancastrian cause. This treasure it is said that he concealed as soon as it was known that the Earl of March intended to intercept them, and before their unsuccessful attempt to join the main body. No doubt this memorandum, concealed in the hilt of the famous sword, relates to this money, to which we should have a good claim.'

'And the note refers, doubtless, to the chapel of your castle.'

'It is probable. According to family tradition, it was never found there or elsewhere. Now we will make one more attempt.'

'O yes,' cried the younger ones; 'it cannot have come to light for nothing.'

I have little more to tell of this curious chain of chances by which the fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries were so closely brought together. The hilt was at once applied for and obtained. It was found to tally exactly, but for the injuries of time, with that on the brass in Brutcombe church. Search was then made in the chapel at the castle, under the pretence of looking for old coins, as was indeed the case; and there, exactly between the door and the still-remaining piscina, in a straight line, was found the chest of gold coinage, of French make. It amounted to a considerable sum, even in these days; and in her character both as owner of the soil and as lady of the manor, Mrs. Bruton had no difficulty in appropriating it openly. Eustace Walters did indeed get a well-dowered bride, but her mother required him, on his marriage, to take the name of Bruton. Bruton Hall, and some of the lands around, have been bought back, and there is money to purchase more when a chance comes. Eustace Walters Bruton is a great man in the county; and Mrs. Bruton lives in hope that the long-dormant peerage may yet be revived in his person. Their motto is yet 'Tandem'—'At length.' —[London Society.

ALPHONSE KARR, HIS ASSASSIN, AND HIS STRAWBERRIES.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Of no living Frenchman are told more good stories than of M. Alphonse Karr. Just as it is impossible for him to write a dull line, so it is impossible to mention him without a smile. Dulness certainly is not the characteristic of French people generally; and in the case of M. Alphonse Karr *esprit* is combined with striking independence of character. Throughout a long literary career, which his detractors chose to consider in its decadence, he has given free utterance to his thoughts, often to the offence of many and to his own worldly disadvantage. No less happily endowed physically than mentally, M. Alphonse Karr disproves an insular prejudice to the effect that Frenchmen are all *esprit* and no muscle. A first-rate swimmer, rower, fencer, and marksman, he has saved more lives than one by his bodily prowess, and his own several times into the bargain. Most of us know the story of Mdme. Louise Colet, Victor Cousin's Egeria, and the poignard with which she had intended to end the days of her critic. This lady, more famous for her beauty than for the excellence of her writings, had received a severe castigation from the pen of Alphonse Karr. It was more than a spoiled beauty, the inspirer of a philosopher, could bear; so, hiding a poignard under her mantle, she sought an interview for the purpose of avenging her injuries. It seems that she was uncommonly dexterous, and that, but for his extra strength and skill, things might have turned out unpleasantly for the author of the "Voyage Autour de mon Jardin." He succeeded in disarming his fair assailant, not without a scuffle, and suspended the weapon on his study walls with some such inscription as the following: "This poignard was destined for the heart of Alphonse Karr by Mdme. Louise Colet."

M. Alphonse Karr's whole life is no less amusing than his books, and through both runs a vein of satire. His fame as a gardener is European, and in his villa near Nice he grows strawberries which to taste is an event in the life of an epicure. But M. Alphonse Karr grows strawberries for himself and his friends, and not for the grand folks who would fain patronize him. Not long ago a certain Imperial lady, doubtless bent on honoring the literary gardener as well as gratifying her love of strawberries, sent an emissary to fetch some of his "primeurs." M. Alphonse Karr politely but curtly replied that there was only a certain hour of the day when he gathered the fruit, and that the Imperial wish could not be gratified at any other. If this incident seems to savor of churlishness, set against it the following: Our author happened to be on the sands one day when two bathers within sight of land got out of their depth and were on the point of drowning. Immediately throwing off his paletot, he brought the first to shore, then set out in search of the other. Both were rescued, but the hero of this exploit disappeared, and it was some time ere the rescued men learned the name of their deliverer.

M. Alphonse Karr's entire career has been in harmony with his writings, which hide under a veil of persiflage and pleasantry real convictions on many subjects. After the fall of the Empire and the establishment of the Republic, he travelled from one part of France to the other for the purpose of learning the attitude of the people, and gave no little offence in some quarters by reiterating that "the wish of the people is for peace."

AN ANECDOTE OF GLADSTONE.

From The London Echo.

An anecdote is related of Mr. Gladstone which deserves to be widely known, for it is not only singularly characteristic of the man, but it is capable of being used as the text for many a profitable political sermon. When the present Premier was in Italy, he returned thanks for the glowing terms in which his health had been proposed by the spokesman of the eminent Italians whose guest he then was. It is hardly necessary to say that his own speech was given in the Italian language, of which he is notably a master; still less is it necessary to add that his speech did not consist in a glorification of himself. He rendered an eloquent tribute to the progress which Italy had made since the date of her complete unification, and the Italian statesmen and authors listened with delight as the first of English statesmen and first of English orators poured out a flood of encouraging and sympathetic praises, in their own speech, upon the wholesome signs of national vigor which he had noticed in this department or in that. "But," exclaimed Mr. Gladstone, "you have one enemy amongst you."

The Italians looked at one another significantly; they believed that they could easily perceive to what, or rather to whom, the great Englishman referred. They whispered one to another: "He means the Pope!" Meanwhile the current of Mr. Gladstone's oratory went on unbrokenly side by side with the nods and whispers of his audience. "You have one enemy amongst you. Its name," he added, "is Deficit." Every reader who keeps abreast of the controversies and difficulties of the Italian politics of the day, as drifts of the party conflicts in Italy find their way into our journals, will perceive how true a prophet, how skilful a physician of the symptoms of sickness in the Italian body politic, the first of living financiers then and there proved himself to be. The eager Italian statesmen were probably far more deeply troubled about the Pope than about deficit. Some of them have doubtless learned by this time the singular wisdom and value of Mr. Gladstone's characteristic remark.

JACKSON AND HIS WIFE.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

One of those to whom it is a fascination to listen has recently given us a book full of memories which he calls "Old Times in Tennessee." But a greater treat than reading it is to hear the author tell how he saw General Jackson "scare and put to flight twenty thousand men." It was on Clover-bottom race-course. The narrator, then a small boy, was stationed on a cedar fence. The betting was very fierce. Horses and negroes as well as money were put up, a large pound being filled with the live-stock. Murmurs arose that it was to be a jockey race; that "Greyhound," one of the famous racers, had been seen the night before in a wheat-field, and his rider was to receive $500 to throw him off. In the height of the excitement General Jackson appeared, "riding a gray horse and carrying a long pistol in each hand. I think they were as long as my arm, with muzzles that a ground squirrel could enter. He swore 'by the eternal' he would shoot the first man who brought his horse on the track—that the people's money should not be stolen in this manner. He talked incessantly, while the spittle rolled from his mouth and fire flashed from his eyes. I have seen bears and wolves at bay, but he was the most ferocious looking animal I have ever seen. His appearance and manner struck terror into the hearts of twenty thousand people. If they all felt as I did, every one expected to be slain."

The end of it was that there was a great rush to the pound to get back the money staked, and the boy on the fence was overturned and nearly trampled to death. But he still lives, possibly the only survivor of that great crowd. He gives the most vivid idea of "Old Hickory's" personality. When Lafayette visited Nashville in 1824 and Jackson greeted him in the public square, approaching the carriage "with peacock stride," the eyes of all were attracted to their own hero rather than to their distinguished guest. A hundred voices exclaimed, "Just look at old Jackson!" There was something in his face, his martial presence, that enchained the public gaze whenever he appeared.

Of course, amid so much talk of General Jackson, the lady to whom he gave the protection of his name and honor comes in for her share. Many a sly little anecdote about her has been preserved. One lady tells that the last time her mother saw Mrs. Jackson the latter remarked, by way of accounting for a cold under which she suffered, "The gineral kicked the kiver off las' night."

One of her negro-women came to her in a good deal of trouble because she had just been told that the world was round and she had always thought it flat. "Never mind, aunty," said kind "Mis' Rachel;" "don't you be disturbed. I think it is flat myself, and honey"—so she often called the General—"honey thinks so too."

But her veriest detractors find nothing to say against her looks or character. "She was beastly ignorant," said one fine old gentleman, "and Jackson married her, not from love, but from an *impulse of chivalry*, to fling his protection around her; but she was perfectly beautiful, and as fine and good a woman as ever lived."

But he did love her. They tell that the Hermitage, which stands rather oddly just back of an elevation of the ground, instead of on its brow, was so placed because Mrs. Jackson, walking one afternoon with the General, stopped just there and said it would be the right place for the new house, as it was only a short distance from the spring where they went for water. The General struck the ground with his staff and said there should the foundations be laid. And there they were laid, in spite of expostulation.

THE GRIEFS AND THE HEROISM OF MINERS

Samuel Plimsoll in The Nineteenth Century.

I remember seeing one poor woman a day or two after the explosion at the Edmunds or Swaith Main Pit. The dead body of her husband was then lying in the mine; but she had children—the daily work of life must be done even by her. She wanted a pan which, nearly full of dirty water, stood near her door upon a stone. I shall, I suppose, never forget (it is many years ago now) the far-off look in her eyes as she approached the pan; her whole figure was the expression of one without hope, the very embodiment of despair; she raised the pan by the edge, utterly careless that the falling water splashed her dress and feet, and listlessly moved away. Her grief was too deep for words or tears; and I turned away with a heart sick to see such suffering, and to know that she was but one of more than a hundred in the same sad condition.

Take another case. When they were recovering, after an interval of months, the bodies of the 189 men and boys killed in the Luna Hill explosion, they, the bodies, were brought to bank and carried to the shed in a large sheet of sailcloth, and there laid side by side. The shed was about thirty feet long by eighteen feet wide and high, and its four sides were of upright laths or battens about three inches wide each, and with an interval of similar width between each, in order that, from whatever quarter the wind blew, it might sweep away to leeward the dreadful effluvium arising from bodies in such an advanced stage of decomposition.

Whilst I was there a body was brought in so burnt and so decayed out of all likeness to a man, that you could not distinguish the front from the back of the body; it could only be surmised from the circumstance that from one side of the head a greenish matter was oozing out from two places or holes, which were therefore supposed to be the orbits of the eyes. The smell was dreadful, notwithstanding a free use of chloride of lime and other disinfectants. There were several women there; one of them suddenly exclaimed: "It's ahr Jack!" and before anyone could prevent her, she with a bitter cry stooped over and actually kissed the loathsome object: what the eye of love discerned that was hidden from us who were standing round, "God alone knows," I only speak of what I actually saw.

Consider the men, their husbands, too. What like husbands are they? Remember the one whose body was found in the Hartley Mine, after the accident to the engine-beam, lying with his breakfast can in his hand, upon the side of which with the point of his pocket-knife he had scratched a dying message of love to his wife Sarah.

Or that other husband who, going in the dark in early morning to that same colliery, in deep depression of spirit, which he could not account for but only felt, turned back to kiss once more with tenderness his wife and children, and then resumed his walk to the pit, which in two short hours became his living tomb—for they did not die at once in this case, their fate hung in the balance many days, during which our kind-hearted Queen constantly telegraphed inquiries about the possibility of saving the men's lives.

Do you want to know what sort of fathers some of these men are?

Remember the man who, escaping with his boy and a comrade only this year (I think it was in the Seaham Colliery after the explosion), found the boy unable to go any further; I think he was insensible. They could not carry him, and the boy's father was urged by his comrade, who did escape, to come along with him. What was the father's reply? "Nay," he said, looking at the insensible boy, "I'll bide with the lad." And he did stay, and father and son were found after many days lying side by side in death.

When the Edmunds Main explosion occurred, which widowed so many scores of poor women, there was a doubt, as there often is, whether all the men and boys in the pit had been killed; there was a hope, very faint indeed but still a hope, that there might be some men still alive in the pit; there was imminent risk of a second explosion which might occur at any moment, and the peril of going down then was simply awful. Still some men might yet be then alive below. What happened?

Volunteers offered themselves to go down; the needful number were selected (I think seven men); they took their lives in their hands, quite unconscious of the heroism of their conduct because their moral attitude was simply that of so many others; they went down on their errand of mercy, and in a short time these men (whose names even were not given in the published accounts, so little surprising did their conduct appear to those who knew colliers) were added to the list of the slain, for the dreaded explosion occurred; and now, alas! there was no longer room to doubt that all below were numbered with the dead.

Take another instance. When the last dreadful explosion took place at the Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley, which also killed nearly two hundred men and boys, if I remember rightly. I went there immediately, and what had happened? My friend Parkin Jeffcock, mining engineer, had been sent for after the first explosion had occurred; it was one of extraordinary violence and had completely destroyed the head gear, and they were in momentary expectation of a second, as it was clear that the first had utterly deranged the ventilation; but here also the hope was clung to that some of the men might still be alive in the pit, and, after most anxious consideration, it was decided to incur the awful peril of descending the other shaft to see if it were happily so (scores upon scores of men's lives have been saved by these heroic darings of peril). When the decision was taken, Mr. Jeffcock said: "I want eight men to go down with me; volunteers, stand forward." At once not eight but fifteen men stepped out from the crowd; they then picked out and rejected the seven men who had the largest families, and had to employ the police to put them back into the crowd, out of danger, lest the dreaded second explosion should come even while they were getting ready to go down; and Mr. Jeffcock and his eight companions (heroes every one of them—and this they would equally have been had they all returned alive) got ready and went down. They had not been down long before another explosion took place, and they, too, were numbered with the dead.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW AND THE OTHER SORCERER.

From The London Globe.

A few days ago Professor Virchow undertook to apply the recognized system of anthropological measurings to the Esquimaux who are at present being exhibited in Berlin. The attempt of the eminent anthropologist met with an unexpected opposition. The wild Pagnu is regarded amongst her tribe as a sorceress of very extraordinary power, and when she saw the professor operating upon her companions, she concluded that he was a great German and Christian magician. When her own turn came, she loudly exclaimed that she would not submit to these incomprehensible manipulations of "the sorcerer of the God of the white men," for she was sure that the Christian magician could have but one purpose, the despoiling her of her own supernatural powers. When Dr. Virchow and his assistants approached her, with their mystical pencils, note-books, and measures, she sprang over the table and chairs, and rushed into a corner of the room, where she chanted out a necromantic formula, which she hoped would neutralize the magical powers of her European rivals.

The professor and his assistants were visibly taken aback at this unexpected scene, and their temporary discomfiture made a very evident impression upon the rest of the Esquimaux. Madame Pagnu continued to chant forth excitedly without a pause, and became the centre of amazement and interest to all others who were present. It was curious to note the effect upon Abraham, who is a baptized Christian, but who plainly retained a great deal of respect for the faith of his pagan ancestors. He imagined that nothing less was being transacted than a conflict between the rival magicians of two different religions; and when he noticed that the German scientists were arrested and fascinated by the wild look and words of the sorceress Pagnu, he murmured quietly: "Ah! then the God of my father is after all more powerful than the God of the Christians!"

ONE THAT'S DEAD.

From Blackwood.

It is the hour when all things rest:
The sun sits in the bannered West
And looks along the golden street
That leads o'er ocean to his feet.

Sea-birds with summer on their wing
Down the wide West are journeying,
And one white star serenely high
Peeps through the purple of the sky.

O sky, and sea, and shore, and air,
How tranquil are ye now, and fair!
But twice the joy ye are were ye
If one that's dead companioned me.

REAL PEOPLE IN NOVELS.

From The London Globe.

Dickens's books are crowded with personal adaptations, none, or very few of which would ever have been recognized but for the vanity or the umbrage of the principals themselves. His method was to take some strikingly singular trait of character, some phenomenon in human nature, and surround it with qualities totally different from those found in the original, and thus he preserved the reality without exposing his model. We are not told whether the elder Dickens descried himself in Micawber, but it is certain that nobody else did, and how many of the admirers of Walter Savage Landor would have recognized the poet in the "Boythorn" of "Bleak House"? When Dickens was engaged on "Dombey and Son" on the Continent, he directed Mr. Hablot Browne, the artist, to post himself at a certain spot in the City where he would meet with a gentleman of the type of physiognomy which he wished Dombey, senior, to take, yet (alarmed though he possibly might have been had he known the design) it is not to be supposed that this veritable prototype would have considered himself Dombey merely because the lineaments of the two bore a marked resemblance.

On the other hand, there is a tendency no less remarkable in persons who in general character most resemble them to consider certain types of the human family, as portrayed in fiction, monstrosities, and impossibilities. In one of his prefaces, the author of "Nicholas Nickleby" says, "Mrs. Nickleby sitting bodily before me once asked whether I really believed there ever was such a woman." John Forster, the biographer, who is grave over the complications which grew out of his friend's caricatures, was himself the model of Kenny Meadows's portrait of Master Froth, and is said to have been the original of Fusbus in Lady Lytton-Bulwer's "Chevely." Charlotte Bronte got into some difficulties with regard to her too life-like local portraits in "Shirley." Mrs. Gaskell says of her West Yorkshire sketches in this book: "People recognized themselves or were recognized by others, in her graphic descriptions of their personal appearance and modes of action and turns of thought though they were placed in new positions and figured away in scenes far different to those in which their actual life had been passed. . . . The three curates were real living men, haunting Haworth and the neighboring districts, and so obtuse in perception that, after the first burst of anger at having their ways and habits chronicled was over, they rather enjoyed the joke of calling each other by the names she had given them. "Mrs. Pryor" was well known to many who loved the original dearly. The whole family of Yorkes were, I am assured, almost daguerreotypes." As neither portraiture is of an uncomplimentary nature, it may be added that the poet "Kalmat" in Mr. Joseph Hatton's "Clytie" finds his double in Mr. Joaquin Miller, and the Laird of "Macleod of Dare" is a well-known, prosperous, and genial resident of Oban.

ROWLAND HILL'S YOUTH.

From The Athenæum.

Rowland Hill's father was a Birmingham man, and, being a champion of Priestley's, managed to get his arm injured in the disgraceful Church and King riots, in which Priestley's house was burned down. He married and removed to Kidderminster, where Rowland Hill (the third son) was born. The family then moved to Wolverhampton; they were exceedingly poor, and were glad to take an old farmhouse, which they got cheap as it had the reputation of being haunted. However, they do not seem to have been disturbed by ghosts, and little Rowland was happy enough playing with a little girl who, twenty-five years afterward, was to be his wife, and making models of water-wheels and other mechanical contrivances. He was a delicate boy, but full of ingenious plans, and always most trustworthy and most anxious to be of use. The first book he ever bought was Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant," and he used in after life to say that nothing helped to form his character so much as her stories.

"He said, and the tears came into his eyes as he spoke, that he had resolved in those early days to be like the characters in her stories, and to do something for the world."

Another reminiscence is interesting on different grounds:

"I early saw," said Rowland, "the terrible inconvenience of being poor. My mother used to talk to me more than to all the others together of our difficulties, and they were very grievous. She used to burst into tears as she talked about them. One day she told me that she had not a shilling in the house, and she was afraid lest the postman might bring a letter while she had no money to pay the postage."

A few years passed, and Rowland Hill was at work with his brother Matthew, teaching boys at a neighboring school, and soon afterward the two brothers took their father's school into their own hands. Rowland's powers were now rapidly developing, and he had attained remarkable proficiency in mathematics, and especially in mental arithmetic. He was also ambitious as regards the school, and had many schemes, some sensible enough and some very fanciful, in reference to the management of boys. The brothers published a book on "Public Education" which made some little sensation, and their school, which was now established at Hazlewood, near Birmingham, became famous. Educationalists and philanthropists were frequent visitors, and with this new fame grew up new duties and responsibilities, under which Rowland Hill's health began to suffer. The site of his school was again removed to Bruce Castle, Tottenham, and here Rowland Hill (married to the little girl who had been his playfellow years before) remained till he finally gave up school-keeping, and undertook the task which was to earn him a lasting reputation. The most characteristic thing about Rowland Hill's early life was the way in which he and his brothers always worked together.

The family affection was singularly strong, and no strain was great enough to break it. For many years they had all their property in common, and lived, as the editor tells us, like "the early Christians." After the division of property, which came later on, the brothers established a sort of mutual insurance, which they called "The Family Fund," and which was to assist any one of them "if in circumstances much depressed as compared with the others, though not in absolute poverty."

MRS. BUTLER, THE PAINTER OF THE "ROLL-CALL."

From The Queen.

Elizabeth Thompson was born at Lausanne. Her mother is a lady highly endowed for art; her father was the friend of Charles Dickens and other eminent literary men. Her early years were divided between Italy and England—the winters spent in the sunshine of the South, the summers in the fields of Kent. Mr. Thompson devoted himself to the education of his two daughters, and attended to their physical as to their mental and artistic training. Elizabeth Thompson and her younger and gifted sister were taught to play billiards, cricket, and to be first-rate markswomen. The child who was to be the battle-painter of her day early showed the fascination exercised on her imagination by scenes of war. As the father read history to his little girls in the nursery, she scribbled representations of horses and soldiers fighting, flying, camping out. Some of these childishly drawn horses and figures—still carefully preserved—show action and vigor; the horses run and the soldiers fight.

At fifteen, Miss Thompson made a short stay in the South Kensington Schools of Art, but the weariness of copying outline designs overcame her; she left, and soon after received her first lessons in oil painting from Mr. Standish. Later on, she returned to the South Kensington Schools, no longer as an elementary student, but passing on at once to the life class. She also became a member of the Sketching Club. Fellow students still remember those spirited little pen-and-ink drawings of artillery and infantry in action, in flight, in repose, that used to be passed from hand to hand during the hour allowed at midday for luncheon and recreation. Meanwhile, Miss Thompson tried her luck with exhibitions. Her first water-colors were rejected by the Society of British Artists, but the following year the Dudley Gallery hung a vigorous sketch, "Bavarian Artillery Going into Action."

At the age of twenty-two, Miss Thompson returned to Florence with her family. There she studied under the able guidance of Signor Balucci. She divided her time between her master's studio and the cloisters of the churches, copying the incomparable frescoes of Andrea del Sarto and Francia Bigio. The following autumn saw the completion of her first subject picture, the "Visitation." Exhibited at Rome, it won an honorable mention. Sent up for exhibition at the Royal Academy, it was rejected by the council and returned to the artist with a hole through the sky. Miss Thompson's second picture, the following year, was again rejected; but this time it returned to her uninjured. The third year she was more successful: her picture, "Missing," was accepted. The scene represented a wide landscape, traversed by a soldier on horseback, leading home the sinking figure of a wounded and missing comrade. The picture was hung high; but it attracted the attention of those who look beyond the line. Critics also noticed about this time some spirited water-colors exhibited in various galleries.

Miss Thompson now received her first commission; it came from a gentleman in the north. The subject of the picture was left to the artist's choice. Miss Thompson chose the calling of the roll after an engagement in the Crimea. The theme had long haunted her imagination. She set to work upon it with ardor. The fate of this picture is matter of history. When it came before the selecting committee, it was received with a round of cheers; then followed the royal speeches, the pæan of applause from the press, the gathering crowd daily assembled before the canvas where a young girl told the story of the thinned ranks and the tragedy of war. Finally, in the height of the season, came the removal of the picture to Windsor for the Queen's inspection. Her Majesty expressing a wish to possess it, the owner loyally ceded his claim.

During the hubbub of popularity Miss Thompson remained quietly at her work. The following year she exhibited "Quatre Bras," a picture which Mr. Ruskin admits, in his notes of that year's Academy, to have approached with "iniquitous prejudice"; first, because the learned professor did not believe that any woman could paint, and then because he entirely distrusted the "fuss" made about it. Mr. Ruskin was convinced before "Quatre Bras." "This is Amazon work," he writes; "the first fine pre-Raphaelite battle picture we have had." The next year came "Balaklava," the return of a handful of men after the famous charge up the brow of a hill. It was painted with that fine sense of all the opportunities presented by a scene which is one of this artist's characteristics. In 1877 Miss Thompson married Major Butler. At the Academy of 1878 she was unrepresented. In the following year were shown two of her finest works, "Listed for the Connaught Rangers," "The Remnants of an Army." Mrs. Butler's pictures display a rare energy of dramatic imagination—a power of developing the scene she illustrates by well-chosen incidents. It is not only the soldierly episodes of war that attract her; but its human and pathetic passages. "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," painted for the Queen, was not finished in time for last year's Academy, but is now, we understand, at Windsor. In this rapid survey of Mrs. Butler's works, we must not omit her illustrations to her sister's poems, "Preludes," and to some of Mr. Thackeray's ballads.

AN EVENING WITH MISS O'NEIL.

From The Theatre.

The great Miss O'Neil was coming to Norwich as "a star," and I was to "assist" at that night's performance when she was to appear as *Belvidera* in Otway's long-laid-aside—because thought to be stilted—tragedy, "Venice Preserved." Not till the last moment was I told where I was going, for fear of my being too much excited, and little indeed was the treat in store for me anticipated when I was being thrust into my first "skeleton suit." At the early hour of 5 p. m. on September 18, 1818, I was hurried away from a distant part of the old city by my father, who took such strides that we might be at the theatre betimes that I had to run all the way by his side, holding "like grim death" on to his hand. As we proceeded he told me that I was going to see the greatest "tragedy queen" of the day act her grandest part, and repeatedly bid me never to forget the occasion. When we reached the third row of the pit by dint of persevering and struggling, in which, "as bold as brass," I pushed my way with my tiny arms, I perceived that my father's coat was all in rags—the tail had been mercilessly torn off in the crush; and when I began to cry at seeing him "so tattered and torn," he sternly bid me "be quiet and look about me," not caring to let me know that he had never felt his feet once till we were landed on the pit floor. Until the curtain went up it seemed an age to wait. The long-wished for moment came at last; I sat "as still as a mouse," absorbed in the opening progress of the scene.

All at once a voice rang out from behind the stage—a voice such as I had never heard before, and have never, and shall never hear again—whenever I speak of it my blood runs cold. Of the progress of the play itself I have no positive recollection until the mad scene of the last act, and that scene I shall never forget. Round about Miss O'Neil stood her partners in the action, weeping like children, and all but forgetful of the duties they had to fulfil, so overwhelmed were they with the realism at that dread hour before them. The same thing was going on in the front of the house, the women giving way to suppressed hysterical emotion—the men sobbing aloud as if their hearts would burst. When the curtain fell the applause completely bewildered my young mind, as I also found that I, too, was crying. No sooner had the applause ceased than my father directed my attention to the "public boxes"—there were no private boxes in those days in provincial theatres—pointing out to me a most remarkable-looking man in the front of one of them on the O. P. side of the stage. "You see that gentleman, do you not?" he said. "That is Mr. Richard Mackenzie Bacon, the Editor of *The Norwich Mercury*. Look well at him. He is not crying, as you and I and almost everyone else is. He is much too stern to do that; but mark, the tears which he will not permit to fall are on his eyelashes."

A SNOW-FLAKE.

Once he sang of summer,
Nothing but the summer;
Now he sings of winter,
Of winter bleak and drear:
Just because there's fallen
A snow-flake on his forehead,
He must go and fancy
'Tis winter all the year!

T. B. ALDRICH.

GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.

From Le Figaro.

He was a tall, spare man, with magnificent eyes glistening under an open brow, made all the larger by the hair being brushed back from it. He had a gray beard, with more white than brown in it, on his breast. He seemed from fifty-eight to sixty years old then.

As Garibaldi was opening one of his campaigns, an Englishman came to him, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, lined with green in front to protect his eyes, and carrying a large cartridge-box filled with cartridges and a powerful field-glass. His equipment was completed by an excellent double-barrelled rifle. "General Garibaldi?" asked he. "I am he," said Garibaldi somewhat roughly. "I am Sir John William Peard." "Well?" "And I have come to ask the favor of serving under your orders." Garibaldi looked his recruit over. "Humph!" said he, "to serve under my orders? You know what it means, serving under my orders?" "No. But if you will have the goodness to tell me I shall know." "No pay." "That makes no matter. I am rich." "Thirty miles to march a day, on an average." "I have excellent legs." "Plenty of fighting." "That is what I have come to find." "Absolute obedience to my orders." "Humph!" "There, you see, it will not suit you." "I would rather fight after my own fashion." "What is your fashion?" "I am an excellent hunter." "Ah!" "And I am a capital marksman." "Well?" "I should like to fight with your sharpshooters." "Very well! You shall fight with my sharpshooters." "I should like also to keep my own costume, which suits me perfectly." "You shall keep it." "I should also like——" "Oh! the deuce! You want too much. If I had been as exacting as you with M. de La Marmora, I should never have begun my campaign." "Very good," said Sir John, "I will fight on my own hook." "Fight on your own hook; you are right, it will be best." Sir John bowed to Garibaldi, and Garibaldi bowed to Sir John.

The fight at Baresi took place the next day. Garibaldi sent his sharpshooters in, but with all the haste they could make they found that Sir John had already engaged the enemy. As we have said, he had declared war against Austria, and was fighting on his own hook. Not only was he fighting on his own hook, but he fought after his own fashion He stood erect, without any cover, and paid no more attention to the balls that whistled about his tall form than if they had been mosquitos. He took aim as quietly as if he had been out hunting, fired, lowered his gun, took his field-glass to see the effect of his shot, made a negative or approving movement of his head as he was discontented or satisfied, loaded again, took aim, fired, looked through his glass, and again showed his satisfaction or disappointment with a shake of his head. The enemy in retreat and Garibaldi master of the field of battle, as he always was, Sir John's only occupation was to look up his dead and wounded, whom he knew just as one knows out shooting the rabbits that he has knocked over cleverly or only injured. His dead and his wounded recognized, and duly entered in his memorandum book, Sir John started after the Austrians, and, thanks to his long legs, was soon up with the advance guard. Garibaldi let him go on sharpshooting in this way after his own fashion during two or three fights without appearing to pay any attention to him. But as Garibaldi loved brave men above everything, he walked up to the Englishman one day, in the midst of a heavy fire, and said: "Sir John, let me congratulate you. You are a brave man." "I know it," said the Englishman. "And more, you are my friend." "Ah! that," said Sir John, "I did not know, and I am infinitely grateful to you. But excuse me one moment; there is a devil of an Austrian over there that I have taken a fancy for." Sir John put his rifle to his shoulder, and the Austrian for whom he had taken a fancy, shot in the heart, made a step forward and fell on his face. Sir John took his glass, examined his Austrian, made a little gesture of satisfaction, and, turning to the General, said as he held out his hand, "Good morning, General. I hope you feel well to-day?" From that day on, Sir John Peard was never called anything but "Garibaldi's Englishman."

MR. SPURGEON'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

From The Manchester Examiner.

Mr. Spurgeon, whose address was delivered in fragments during intervals which occurred during the singing of various hymns by the Evangelistic choir, referred first to his early life with his grandfather, who was a preacher, and who was in the habit of giving peppermints to children, and who once gave him half a pound at one time. He had ten children, and his principal income was derived from farming about twenty-eight acres of land belonging to the chapel. Once when he was driving a cow into the stable yard, it took staggers and died, to the great grief of his grandmother; but his grandfather said God could send them another cow, and the same day a letter came with £20, sent by several gentlemen, who having a charitable fund to dispense, and finding that there was something over, had made it up to £20 and sent it him.

When he became pastor of a Baptist chapel at sixteen years of age, the people could do very little for his support, and therefore he was an usher in a school at Cambridge at the same time. After a time he was obliged to give up the latter occupation and was thrown on the generosity of the people, and they gave him a salary of £45 a year, but as he had to pay for two rooms which he occupied 12s. a week, the salary was not enough; but the people, though they had not money, had produce, and he did not think there was a pig killed by any one of the congregation that he had not some portion of, and one or the other of them would bring him bread, so that he had enough bread and meat to pay his rent with. There was an old man in that place who was a great miser, and it was said of him that he never gave anything to anybody, but one afternoon he gave him three half-crowns, and as he was wanting a new hat at the time he got it with the money. The following Sunday the old man came to him again and asked him to pray for him that he might be saved from the sin of covetousness, and he said: "The Lord told me to give you half a sovereign, and I kept half a crown back, and I can't rest of a night for thinking of it."

In the early part of his ministry he was rather popular, and he was often asked to take part in anniversary services. On one occasion he was asked to preach in a neighboring village, and when he called on Mr. Brown, the pastor, on the Sunday morning, Mr. Brown said to him: "I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach for me." "Well," he said, "I can go back." "But," said Mr. Brown, "the people have come from all parts in all kinds of vehicles;" and then he put his hands under his coat-tails and asked what the world was coming to when the boys who had not got rid of the taste of their mother's milk went about preaching. However, he did preach, and Mr. Brown planted himself on the pulpit stairs. He read a lesson from the Proverbs, and upon coming to the passage, "Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man," he said he doubted that, for he knew a man who had a gray head and who could hardly be civil But the passage went on to say: "If it be found in the way of righteousness," and that, he said, was a different thing. When he came down from the pulpit, Mr. Brown said to him: "Bless your heart I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit," and they were always good friends afterward.

On one occasion he was dining at a gentleman's in Regent's Park when the Orphanage was in course of erection. A thousand pounds were wanted to pay the builder the next morning. He did know where it was to come from, but he said he had prayed for it and had confidence that he should get it; but Mr. Brock said he thought they ought to speak with caution about such matters. During the dinner, however, a telegram was handed to him stating that a gentleman had called at the Tabernacle and left £1,000 for the Orphanage.

An amusing blunder was once made by a dyer, who was given by a farmer four flannel shirts to be dyed a fast gray color; instead of which he dyed them blue. On wearing the garments, the color came out of them so that, as the farmer curiously expressed it, "he looked like a Red Indian;" and as it cost him several shillings in baths to turn himself into a white man again, he sued the dyer, and obtained damages.